

**By BIDE DUDLEY**

FILM :^ CUT OUT.

## A UNIQUE PLAN.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT

**By Ferd G. Long**

THE WEISENHEIMER PERSON WHO WON'T STAY DEAD WHEN HE'S DUMMY- BUT INSISTS ON PUTTING IN HIS OAR ON THE PLAY

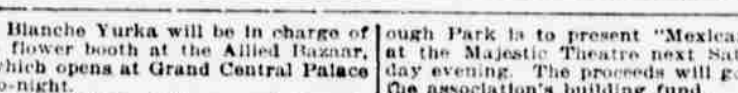
**By C. M. Payne**



**By Bud Counihan**



**By Vic**



**GOOD STORIES OF THE DAY**

## Force of Habit.

A PATRIOT died spent most of his time in the box office of a theatre and had learned a good many of the words and phrases common to that place. One day he was missed from his accustomed perch, and after a long search was found in a tree in the middle of a field. He was surrounded by a flock of crows, which were attacking him from all sides, and had picked off almost all of his feathers. As his rescuers came they heard him saying: "Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen. One at a time. Don't push. I don't want to get hurt. I don't want to get hurt. A few good ones left." Everybody's

**Long-Winded.**

IN the days of his youth Senator Blackburn of Kentucky was asked by a friend to second a duel. He consented, and at the next sunrise the parties met. It was Mr. Blackburn's duty to say the last word concerning the terms of the duel. One of the Senator's colleagues recently said at a Washington dinner that although Mr. Blackburn faithfully performed the duty, the duel never took place.

A murmur of "Why not?" went round the table at this remark.

"For a very simple reason," continued Mr. Blackburn's colleague. "When I began speaking I began to dark for a duel."—Washington Post.

### Roped and Tied.

**T**HE men engaged in cutting off the ends of protruding ties on the elevated railways were explicitly instructed, for the sake of innocent passers-by on the street below, never to allow a piece of tie to fall to the street without a rope attached to it.

One day as the end of a tie was

**Whirlwind, the Drummer.**

**T**HEY were talking about a promising young man who had failed to make good as a traveling salesman.

The first man said to the other man:

—He was queer about that boy.

EGG NO. 39.

Before the letters in this egg were scrambled they spelled the name of many names.

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See if you can arrange the letters to spell what they originally did. The scrambled letters in Thursday's egg spelled "GUN-POWDER."

**By Jack Callahan**

[illegible]

THE TIME YOU PAINTED THE KIDS NEXT DOOR AS INDIANS.

MRS. MOWSER - TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR SON'S LANDSCAPES. I'VE USED THREE BARS OF SOAP AND I CAN'T REMOVE IT. HE MUST HAVE MIXED THE PAINT WITH CONCRETE.

I'LL TELL HIS FATHER ABOUT IT. HE KNOWS MORE ABOUT PAINT THAN I DO.

THAT KID NEVER NEED TAKE PAINTING LESSONS - HE'S AN OLD MASTER.

HE'S SO GOOD, WE OUGHT TO LET HIM WHITE WASH THE BARN.

MAMA, HE USED THAT OLD PAINT.

HAROLD DID IT - HE DIDN'T PUT IT ON HIMSELF, 'CAUSE HE WAS A ...

AW, THEY ASKED ME TO DO IT. AN' I DID ME BEST.

seemed to be a regular whirlwind. His first trip was a rattling success, but all he brought back from his second trip was a bunch of fresh excuses.

"What was it you called him—a whirlwind?"  
"Yes."  
"I see. All 'whirl' at the beginning and all 'wind' at the finish."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**A Retroactive Blessing.**

A BOSTON man tells of an old-time deacon in Massachusetts known for the lengthy blessing which at his table was the unfulfilling prelude to every meal. His hired man, Tom Morgan, an unconverted and impatient youth, had fallen into the habit of commencing his meal before the blessing had been fully invoked.

The frown and rebuke of the deacon were of no avail in effecting the desired reform. Righteously indignant, the deacon at length gave utterance to this petition to the deity:

"For what we are about to receive, and for what Thomas Morgan has already received, accept our thanks."—*Rev. John Ford, D.D.*



WHENEVER  
YOU ARE IN  
A HURRY TO  
GET SHAVED